UNIVERSALIST PUBLISHING HOUSE. { Entered as Second Class Mail Matter. }

VOL. XXXV. BOSTON, DECEMBER 19, 1885. NO. 34.

Christmas-Song.

RING out the bells for Christmas-tide,
And hail the Christmas-morning!
Glad voices sing,
Bright flowers bring,
Each heart and home adorning;
For love leads through a royal way—
The poorest heart is rich to-day!

Ring out the bells for Christmas-tide!
From voice to voice repeating,
"With joy we bring
Our offering,
True love alone for greeting,
(With those who kissed his garment's hem)
To the Christ-child of Bethlehem!"

Ring out the bells for Christmas-tide!
The star of peace is shining;
Good-will and love
From heaven above,
Oh, let none meet repining!
They tremble o'er the drooping head,
And rapture fills the soul instead.

Ring out the bells for Christmas-tide!
Christ came each chain to sever;
He freedom gave,
With power to save,
Forever and forever!
Bright day of days, for you and me,
When he was born beyond the sea!

—*The Advocate.*

Hark! throughout Christendom joy bells are ringing;
From mountain and valley, o'er land and o'er sea,
Sweet choral melodies pealing and thrilling,
Echoes of ages from far Galilee;
Christmas is here,
Merry old Christmas,
Gift-bearing, heart-touching, joy-bringing Christmas,
Day of grand memories, king of the year.

O MAY the Saviour be my head,
And I by him in all things led!

"But Then."

IT was a quêer name for a little girl, and it was not her real name, that was Lizzie, but everybody called her "But Then."

"My real name is prettier, but then, I like the other pretty well," she said, nodding her soft brown curls. And that sentence shows just how she came by her name.

If Willie complained that it was a miserable, rainy day, and they couldn't play out-of-doors, Lizzie assented brightly,—

"Yes; but then, it is a real nice day to fix our scrap-books."

When Rob fretted because they had so far to walk to school since they had "moved to this horrid out West," his little sister reminded him,—

"But then, it's all the way through the woods, you know; and that's ever so much nicer than walking on pavements."

When even patient Aunt Barbara pined a little because the rooms in the new house were so few and small compared with the comfortable Eastern home, a rosy face was quickly lifted to hers with the suggestion:—

"But then, little rooms are the best to cuddle all up together in, don't you think so, auntie?"

"Better call her 'But Then,' and have done with it!" declared Rob. "No matter how bad anything is, she is always ready with her 'but then,' and some kind of consolation hitched on to the end of it."

And so, though no one really intended it, the new name began. There were a good many things that the children missed in their new and ruder home in the West. Money could have bought them even there; but if the money had not gone first, their father would scarcely have

thought it necessary to leave his eastern home. They had done what was best under the circumstances, still the boys felt rather inclined to grumble about it one winter morning, when they were starting off to the village on an errand.

"Just look at all the snow going to waste, without our having a chance to enjoy it!" said Will; "and the ice, too,—all because we couldn't bring our sleds with us when we moved."

"But then, you might make one yourself, you know. It wouldn't be quite so pretty, but it would be just as good," suggested little But Then.

"Exactly what I mean to do as soon as I can get money enough to buy two or three boards; but I haven't even that yet, and the winter is nearly half gone."

"If we only had a sled to-day, Sis could ride, and we could go on the river," said Rob. "It's just as near that way, and we could go faster."

"It is a pity," admitted the little girl, with a momentary clouding of her bright face. "But I've thought of something—that old chair in the shed! If we turned it down, its back would be 'most like runners, and so—"

"That's the very thing!" interrupted the boys, and the old chair was dragged out in a twinkling, and carried down to the river. Then away went the merry party, laughing and shouting, on the smooth road between the snowy hills, while Gyp followed, frisking and barking, and seeming to enjoy the fun as much as any of them.

"Now we'll drag our 'rig' up here close under the bank, where nobody will see it, and leave it while we go up to the store," said Rob, when they had reached the village.

Their errand was soon accomplished, and the children were ready to return; but as they set forth, Will pointed to a dark spot a little way out on the ice.

"What's that? It looks like a great bundle of clothes."

It was a bundle that moved and moaned as they drew near, and proved to be a girl a little larger than Lizzie. She looked up when they questioned her, though her face was white with pain.

"I slipped and fell on the ice," she explained, "and I'm afraid I've broke my leg, for it is all twisted under me, and I can't move it or get up. I live in the village. That's my father's carpenter shop where you see the sign. I could see it all the time, and yet I was afraid I'd freeze here before any one saw me. Oh, dear! it doesn't seem as if I could lie here while you go for my father."

"Why, you needn't," began Rob; but the girl shook her head.

"I can't walk a step, and you two are not strong enough to carry me all the way. You'd let me fall, or you'd have to keep stopping to rest; and putting me down, and taking me up again would almost kill me."

"Oh, but we'll only lift you into this chair, just as carefully as we can, and then we can carry you easy enough," said Will.

And in that way the poor girl was borne safely home, and the children lingered long enough to bring the surgeon, and hear him say that "young bones don't much mind being broken, and she will soon be about again as well as ever."

"But then, wasn't it good that it was only the old chair that we had to-day?" asked little But Then, as she told the story to Aunt Barbara at home. "O Aunty, I had the nicest kind of a time!"

"I believe you did," answered Aunt Barbara, smiling, "for a brave, sunny spirit that never frets over what it has not, but always makes the best of what it has, where it is, is sure to have good times. It does not need to wait for them to come, it has a factory for making them.—*Sel.*

Believing and Understanding.

"I will not believe anything but what I understand," said a self-confident young man in a hotel one day.

"Nor will I," said another.

"Neither will I," chimed in a third.

"Gentlemen," said one who sat close by, "do I understand you correctly, that you will not believe anything that you don't understand?"

"I will not," said one, and so said each one of the trio.

"Well," said the stranger, "in my ride this morning I saw some geese in a field eating grass; do you believe that?"

"Certainly," said the three unbelievers.

"I also saw the pigs eating grass; do you believe that?"

"Of course," said the three.

"Can any of you young men tell me why this grass becomes goose meat in the one case, and pork in the other? If you cannot understand and explain this, you will never say again that nothing is to be believed, except what is understood.

—*Sel.*

A Mother's Counsel.

The great men of the world have generally owed much to the character and training of their mothers. If we go back to their childhood, we see there the material influences which form the aims and the habits of their future life.

Bayard, the flower of French knighthood, the soldier without fear or reproach, never forgot the parting words of his mother when he left home at fourteen to become the page of a nobleman. She said to him, with all the tenderness of a loving heart:

"My boy, serve God first. Pray to him night and morning. Be kind and charitable to all. Beware of flatterers, and never become one yourself. Avoid envy, hatred, and lying, as vices unworthy of a Christian; and never neglect to comfort widows and orphans."

When Bayard was foremost in battle, confessedly the bravest warrior in the field, or when, in his own great thirst, he was giving water to a dying enemy, he was only carrying out his mother's counsel, and striving to be worthy of her name. The memory of a mother's love is a talisman against temptation, and a stimulus to a good life.—*Sel.*

Giving.

The great and good Martin Luther loved to give. The fact that he was himself poor did not hinder his giving. "God is rich: he will provide for our wants," he would say, when reproached for giving away what seemed to be needed for his own comfort.

Once a poor student came to him who was about to leave Wittenberg. He had no money, and was in great need. Luther longed to help him, and in real distress looked about to see if there was any thing he could give. His eye fell upon a silver cup which had been presented to him by the Elector.

His wife was present and looked her disapproval, but Luther seized it and, crushing the sides together, pressed it upon the young man, saying, "I have no need of a silver cup."

God always gives to those who give to his poor. If we will trust him, he will never let us suffer on account of gifts made in a spirit of love. The little child can give love and kind words and helpful deeds, and by and by, as God sees the willingness to give, he will trust his child with other, though not larger, gifts to distribute.

Christmas in Croatia.

Among many pretty and singular customs peculiar to different seasons of the year, those relating to Christmas are perhaps the most interesting. For the Christmas feast, the finest wheat flour, the sweetest honey, the richest fruit, and the best wine are stored up. The grandmother dips the three wax lights that must stand on the Christmas table. The boys are sent to the woods to find the immense log of wood, which, after being sprinkled with wine, is put in the stove on Christmas Eve. Two great loaves are baked, which are to signify the Old and New Testament. When the church-bell rings on Christmas Eve, the whole family assemble in the dwelling-room; the first of the tapers is lighted, and a hymn sung. The table is spread with eatables, and near the two Christmas loaves which are placed on it is a small cup or vessel filled with wheat, barley, oats, etc. Before the feast begins, the father goes to the table, takes the burning taper in his hand, and says, "Christ is born." Then the taper is placed in turn in the hand of each child, who has to stand on the bench by the stove and say three times, "Praised be the Lord! Christ is born!" whereupon the other members of the family answer, "Praise the name of the Lord forever, and may he grant thee life and health!"

On Christmas day, the second taper is lighted, the father says a short prayer, and then blowing the taper out, pushes it down among the grains contained in the little vessel we have already mentioned. Then he examines it. That kind stuck to the candle, wheat, barley, or oats, will, he believes, yield the best crop in the coming year.

The last of the three tapers is always burned on New Year's day, and closes the Christmas festivities.—*Sel.*

Be always careful what you eat and drink, with whom you associate, and what you read. These are essential to preserve your health, your good repute, and to increase your wisdom. Health, good reputation, and wisdom are jewels of the most precious value.

Every road which leads to a throne is delightful, were it bristling with thorns; every road which leads to a precipice is frightful, were it covered with roses.

"I WISH YOU A MERRY CHRISTMAS" SANTA CLAUS.

For the Myrtle.

Christmas is Coming.

LITTLE Hans, and small Gretchen
Delight in the cheer
Of the holiday season;
And Christmas is near.

The snow in the forest
Has covered the ground,
So that evergreen-wreaths
Are not easily found.

But trees, with their tall tops
Thrust up through the snow,
Remind us of Christmas
Wherever we go.

So Hans takes possession
Of one of the best,
And St. Nick with his presents,
Will finish the rest.

E. M. B.

A Hint from Birds and Insects.

While watching a pet canary enjoying its morning bath, hopping in and out and flirting the water about in all directions, then shaking its wings and pluming its feathers, I thought how wonderfully dumb creatures, and even little insects, learn by instinct to keep themselues clean and to dislike dirt. Even our little city sparrows do their best to keep themselves tidy. During the severe frost of last winter we poured canfuls of water on the garden-walks, hoping to have a good slide. The water did not freeze, so our hopes were disappointed; but we were amply repaid for our trouble by seeing eleven sparrows and two robins washing themselves most industriously in the water that cold winter morning. We wished some of the boys and girls who take so little trouble to keep themselves clean could have seen those poor birds.

Then, again, how careful old Pussy is to lick her little kittens after you have been nursing them, for fear their glossy coats have been soiled! Cats are provided with very rough tongues, by which they can keep their fur very glossy and clean.

We have all watched a fly busily rubbing his legs over his wings aboye and below, until we thought the tiny fellow would be tired out; but if we could examiue him under the microscope we should find at the bottom of each foot two rounded combs consisting of two or three rows of teeth, with which he regularly rubs his wings and body until he feels himself clean enough to visit his friends.

The fly's mortal enemy, the spider, also possesses a comb—not on his feet, but in his mouth. His way of getting a living exposes him to dust and dirt, and sometimes he has to run into very dirty corners. So, whenever he requires a wash, instead of having a bath, he puts his leg in his mouth and draws it through the teeth, and when every particle of dirt is combed off he collects it into a ball and throws it away. Thus we find that all creatures — even the tiniest insects— naturally love to keep themselves clean. What a pity it is that so many intelligent boys and girls, and men and women too, do not take greater pleasure in keeping their skin pure and clean!

Our little friends must learn that if they wish to have a pure white skin they must not be afraid of washing their faces and hands frequently. We wish all our boys and girls would learn a lesson from the sparrows and spiders, and we are sure they would be healthier and happier children—*Child's Companion.*

William of Orange was the leader of the patriots. He had to make the greatest kind of efforts to keep his armies together, and he impoverished himself to pay them. Many times he was near being captured by the Spaniards, for the king had offered large sums of money and high reward of position to any who would take him prisoner or murder him.

One dark night, the Dutch soldiers retired to their tents worn out with fatigue. They had waded through water up to their waists in their long march, and exhaustion made them sleep heavily. The Spaniards, who knew of their condition, hurried off, hoping to surprise them by a night attack and capture them all.

William, overcome by the labors of the day slept very heavily. His pet dog, a spaniel, slep at his feet. The little creature was the first t hear the approach of the Spanish soldiers. He barked loudly, aroused every one but the Prince —whose sleep was so sound he did not hear the dog nor the calls of his friends. At last the dear little fellow jumped on his master's bosom and scratched his face with his paws. This roused William, who mounted his horse and escaped with his men.

The spaniel was lovingly cherished all his life, and, when he died, another took his place, and William, as long as he lived, kept a spaniel by him.—*Sel.*

Have the children in the back alley, or in the little old log house mince-pie for Christmas? Suppose you make it your business to find out, and if they haven't, remember they have just as good mouths for it as you, and that perhaps God has given you your pie, just to see if you would be generous and give one of your many to some of his poor children who have none. So pick out one of mamma's or auntie's best, and give them a taste. There's lots of religion in good mince-pie (with no brandy in it) used in this way.

According to the latest return, the number of volumes in the Britiah Museum is just over 1,300,000. There are 160 miles of shelves, and about twenty more miles to be filled. It is calculated that about one ton of literature a day is sent into that institution.

Sermon.

By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples if ye have love one to another.—*John* xiii. 35.

"We had a Christmas sermon to-day" said Lucy, "and our minister tried to show us what the coming of Christ meant to all persons who have had their birth in a country where the story of the Saviour's coming has been told."

"I scarcely know why your minister needed to preach such a sermon as that for Christmas?"

"Why do you say this Andrew? Do we not all need to be reminded, at this time, of our personal relationship to the Christ; of what he is to us, and what he might be, if we could understand his life better?"

"I know, and I suppose all persons who have been taught of the Saviour, know, that He came as a Mediator between God and man."

"But Andrew, many may say that they know this, but when you talk with them about this mediatorship, they are not at all clear in their minds as to what it is."

"Well what new light did you get upon it to-day?"

"Our minister taught us, very plainly, that the way for poor erring mortals to be reconciled with their Father in Heaven, is to leave the evil that they are doing, and resist the temptations that are about them on every side, and strive to live such lives as the Lord lived, such as He can smile upon, and approve."

"Do you think that God is angry with us when we do wrong? I do not like to think of Him as getting mad as people do upon the earth."

"Oh no Andrew. God never is mad as poor mortals are. But in a certain sense He is angry. Does not David say in the seventh Psalm that 'God is angry with the wicked evry day?' Now the only way to appease His anger is for the wicked to stop being wicked; to 'cease to do evil, and learn to do well."

And this learning to do well means, learning to be Christ-like. Our minister said that one of the most important things that any of us need to know is that Christ's life which we are to imitate, was made up of *little* deeds of kindness.

If we would be like Him we must do some little good for others every day. Our minister told us a very pretty story, which he said would make us understand what he meant by doing little kindnesses.

In one of the London hospitals, about a year ago, an assistant surgeon became interested in one of the patients, a poor child of ten, suffering from hip disease. She lay day after day in her little white cot, with nothing to occupy her thoughts but her pain. The young surgeon saw her one day trying to make a doll of her finger, playing with it, and at last, giving it up with a sigh, turning to watch the sunlight creep over her bed, as she had done for months.

That afternoon, the doctor, passing a shop, bought a long, soft ribbon, of an exquisite rose-color, and gave it to little Katey. She was breathless with pleasure, smoothed it out, held it up, soft and shining, in the sun, and looked at her friend speechless with tears of ecstasy. From that time she was rich. The nurse told the doctor, a week later, that the child played with the ribbon all day, twisted it about her head, playing that she was a bride, a princess, a fairy; held it in her hand while she slept, and laid it, folded in paper, under her pillow at night.

It was found necessary after two months to perform a capital operation on the child, one which if unsuccessful is fatal. It was done by two of the foremost surgeons in London. When the poor little sufferer was laid upon the table, she cried for Dr. S. "He is all the friend I have," she sobbed.

"Send for him," said the surgeon, and the young assistant, blushing furiously, was brought in. He held one of Katey's hands; the other was clenched tightly over a pink roll, which dropped from her grasp during the operation. When the effect of the ether passed, she opened her eyes and looked at Dr. S.

"My ribbon," she whispered.

He gave it to her, while the surgeons and nurses stood gravely silent. The operation had been unsuccessful. But little Katey smiled happily into the face of her friend, and hugging the faded bit of silk, fell away forever. It was but a trifling gift, yet it had brightened the child's last days with thoughts of beauty and pleasure and loving-kindness.

Is no such act within our power?

When he had finished this story he asked if we might not each and all of us do some such simple kindness that would make some one happy and spread, at this Christmas time the thought of what it means to be a true disciple of the Christ.

Our Sunday Schools.

MAINE.

The *Banner* says that "at Monson preaching services are held every Sunday in Farr's Hall, and a Bible class has been organized that meets for discussion after services.

The fact that there are but two children in the society is good reason why it was thought inexpedient to organize a Sunday-school."

We think that if the two children are given careful instruction in our faith there may some day be a larger flock to gather into the fold.

NEW YORK.

The school in Troy has recently celebrated its tenth anniversary.

The report showed that during the past year twenty-nine new scholars had been enrolled. Whole number enrolled is 129. The average attendance was given as 109.

HARVEST PAGE.

Hidden Seed

198.—ENIGMA.

I am composed of 27 letters.
My 2, 3, 20, 1 is the opposite of cold.
My 9, 6, 22, 7, 8 is severe anger.
My 4, 5, 14, 13, 19 is a point of the compass.
My 12, 24, 23 is the opposite of wet.
My 7, 10, 11 is a metal.
My 21, 15, 13, 17 is the opposite of narrow.
My 16, 25, 26, 27 is proud.
My whole is in the Bible. *Beth,*

199.—ANAGRAM.

Rof a sujt nam llafteh evsne itmse dan iresht pu gaani; tub het kicwde hasll llaf ntio ismhceif.

Robert Hill.

200.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.

A consonant. The opposite of cold. The dearest places on earth. A number. A consonant.

Martha Hoyt.

201.—ENIGMA.

I am composed of 26 letters.
My 1, 2, 5 is the home of a wild beast.
My 6, 4, 3, 7 is handy.
My 10, 11, 12, 13 is the opposite of rich.
My 8, 9, 15 is a fowl.
My 17, 14, 15 is used in a hot day.
My 23, 24, 26, 26 is the opposite of more.
My 26, 18, 15, 16 is found on the sea shore.
My 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22 is a parent.
My 4, 5, 6 is the last of anythtng.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 is to protect.
My 8, 9, 14, 7 is the opposite of cold.
My 13, 12, 14, 25, 19, 21, 16 is a way in which meat is cooked.
My 11, 10, 24, 15 is the opposite of shut.
My 17, 18, 25, 20 is to vex.
My 22, 11, 12, 23 is to turn over and over.
My whole is in Psalms. *Harry Somers.*

WINTER EVENING AMUSEMENTS.

NAME TRICK.

Ask your friends to choose one among the young people in the room, and whisper the name to you. Your friend who is to perform the trick is standing at some distance, ready to leave the room at a signal from you. You now say, in a loud, clear voice, "Are you ready?" and he answers, "Yes," still waiting, but now listening attentively to those speaking. Probably every one will want to say something. When the chosen one speaks, turn and say, "Go," and he leaves the room. Tell the name of the person chosen. He may then be recalled, and he will disclose the name of the person chosen.

193.—ENIGMA.

I know that thou canst do everything.

194.—DROP LETTER PUZZLE.

God bless us now.

195.—ENIGMA.

God is good.

196.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.

E
EYE
STEAL
EYELIDS
SHIRT
ODE
S

197.—ENIGMA.

Trust in God.

OUR HARVESTERS.

Harry and Rose Erdman, 3; Alice Richardson, 1 Richard J. Sackett, 4; Emma L. Durant, 4.

THE MYRTLE

IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY THE

Universalist Publishing House,

16 Bromfield St., Boston,

CHARLES CAVERLY, Agent.

MRS. E. M. BRUCE, EDITOR.

TERMS:—PAYMENT TO BE MADE IN ADVANCE.
Single copy, or less than ten, **75** cents per year.
Ten or more copies sent in one package, *without names.* to one address, **50** cents each year.

PARTICULAR NOTICE.

The printed date on each wrapper will show each subscriber how the account stands. The paper will be sent, and bill collected therefor, until it is ordered to be discontinued.

In any case where money has been sent, and the date has not been changed to correspond, we will be glad to be notified, and the mistake will be corrected.

Address "Universalist Publishing House,"
16 Bromfield St., Boston, Mass.